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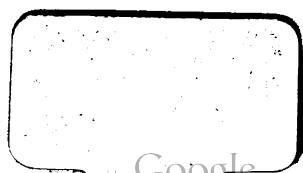
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ST. JAMES'S HALL,

REGENT STREET AND PICCADILLY.

ST. PATRICK'S DAY, 1,502nd ANNIVERSARY.

THE TENTH ANNUAL ORIGINAL

Irish Ballad Concert,

WEDNESDAY EVENING, MARCH 17, 1875,

To commence at Eight o'Clock.

CONDUCTOR,

Mr. LINDSAY SLOPER.

MANAGER,

Mr. W. SAUNDERS.

BOOK OF WORDS.

PRICE SIXPENCE.

The Pianos used for the occasion will be supplied by
Messrs. Kirkman and Son.

J. MALLET, PRINTER, 59, WARDOUR STREET, SOHO. W.



Owing to the extreme length of the Programme, the
Audience is requested not to insist upon Encores.

PROGRAMME.

MELODY.

Moore.

Miss GERTRUDE ASHTON, Miss AUGUSTA ROCHE,
Mr. FRANK ELMORE, and Mr. T. AINSWORTH.

"SHE IS FAR FROM THE LAND."

(Air—"Open the door.")

SONG, Mr. T. AINSWORTH.

Irish.

"THE CRUISKEEN LAWN."

Let the farmer praise his grounds,
As the huntsman doth his hounds,
And the shepherd his sweet-scented lawn,
But I, more bless'd than they,
Spend each happy night and day
With my charming little "Cruiskeen Lawn."
Slanthagal Mavourneen,
Angus grama colin,
Gramachree ma "Cruiskeen Lawn."

Immortal and divine,
Great Bacchus, God of Wine!
Create me by adoption thy son,
In hopes that you'll comply,
That my glass shall ne'er be dry,
Nor my smiling little "Cruiskeen Lawn."
Slanthagal Mavourneen, &c.

And when grim Death appears,
After few but happy years,
And tells me my glass it has run,
I'll say, Begone, you slave!
For great Bacchus gave me lave
To drink another "Cruiskeen Lawn."
Slanthagal Mavourneen, &c.

SONG, Miss GERTRUDE ASHTON. *Moore.*

"WE MAY ROAM THROUGH THIS WORLD."

(Air—"Garryowen.")

OLD IRISH BALLAD, Miss AUGUSTA ROCHE.

Old Melody.

"SAVOURNEEN DEELISH."

Oh! the moment was sad when my love and I parted,
 Savourneen Deelish, Eileen Oge.
 As I kissed off her tears, I was nigh broken-hearted,
 Savourneen Deelish, Eileen Oge.
 Wan was her cheek which hung on my shoulder,
 Damp was her hand, no marble was colder;
 I felt that I never again should behold her,
 Savourneen Deelish, Eileen Oge.
 Long I fought for my country, far from my true love,
 Savourneen Deelish, Eileen Oge,
 All my pay and my booty I hoarded for you, love,
 Savourneen Deelish, Eileen Oge.
 Peace was proclaimed: escaped from the slaughter,
 Landed at home, my sweet girl I sought her;
 But sorrow, alas! to the cold grave had brought her,
 Savourneen Deelish, Eileen Oge.

BALLAD, Miss EDITH WYNNE. *Lover.*

"THE ANGEL'S WHISPER."

A superstition of great beauty prevails in Ireland that when a
 child smiles in its sleep, it is "talking to angels."

A baby was sleeping,
 Its mother was weeping,
 For her husband was far on the wild raging sea,
 And the tempest was swelling
 Round the fisherman's dwelling,
 And she cried, "Dermot darling, oh! come back to me."
 Her beads while she number'd,
 The baby still slumber'd,
 And smil'd in her face as she bended her knee;
 Oh! bless'd be that warning,
 My child, thy sleep adorning.
 For "I know that the angels are whispering with thee."
 And while they are keeping
 Bright watch o'er thy sleeping,
 Oh! pray to them softly, my baby, with me,
 And say thou would'st rather
 They'd watch o'er thy father,
 For "I know that the angels are whispering with thee."

The dawn of the morning
 Saw Dermot returning,
 And the wife wept with joy her babe's father to see,
 And closely caressing
 Her child, with a blessing,
 Said—"I knew that the angels were whispering with thee."

SONG, Mr. EDWARD LLOYD.

(*Lily of Killarney.*)

Benedict.

Eily Mavourneen, I see thee before me,
 Fairer than ever with Death's pallid hue;
 Mortal thou art not—I humbly adore thee,
 Yea, with a love which thou knowest is true.
 Look'st thou in anger? ah, no! such a feeling
 Ne'er in thy too gentle heart had a place;
 Softly the smile of forgiveness is stealing,
 Eily, my own, o'er thy beautiful face.
 Once would my heart, with the wildest emotion,
 Throb, dearest Eily, when near me wert thou;
 Now I regard thee with calm, deep devotion;
 Never, bright angel, I loved thee as now.
 Though in this world were so cruelly blighted
 All the fond hopes of thy innocent heart,
 Soon, in a holier region united,
 Eily Mavourneen, we never shall part.

SONG, Miss ANTOINETTE STERLING. *Barker.*

"THE WRECK OF THE EMIGRANT SHIP."

They sail'd away in a gallant bark,
 Roy Neill and his fair young bride;
 He had ventur'd all in that bounding ark
 That danc'd o'er the silver tide;
 But his heart was young, and his spirit light,
 And he dash'd the tear away,
 As he watch'd the shores recede from sight
 Of his own sweet Dublin Bay!
 Three days they sail'd, when a storm arose,
 And the lightning swept the deep,
 And the thunder-crash broke the short repose
 Of the weary sea-boy's sleep!
 Roy Neill he clasp'd his weeping bride,
 And he kiss'd her tears away:
 "Oh, love, 'twas a fatal day," she cried,
 "When we left sweet Dublin Bay!"

On the crowded deck of the doomed ship
 Some stood in their wild despair !
 While some, more calm, with a holy lip,
 Sought the God of the storm in prayer.
"She has struck ! on the rocks !"
 The seamen cried, in the breath of their wild dismay ;
 And the ship went down, and that fair young bride,
 That sail'd from Dublin Bay.

SOLO, Pianoforte.

Benedict.

"ERIN."

Miss JOSEPHINE LAWRENCE.

SONG, Miss EDITH WYNNE. *Lover.*

"What will you do, love, when I am going,
 With white sail flowing,
 The seas beyond ;
 What will you do, love, when waves divide us,
 And friends may chide us
 For being fond ?"
 "Though waves divide us, and friends be chiding,
 In faith abiding.
 I'll still be true !
 And I'll pray for thee on the stormy ocean,
 In deep devotion,
 That's what I'll do."

"What would you do, love, if distant tidings
 Thy fond confidings
 Might undermine ;
 And I, abiding 'neath sultry skies,
 Should think other eyes
 Were as bright as thine ?"
 "Oh ! name it not—though guilt and shame
 Were on thy name,
 I'd still be true ;
 But that heart of thine, should another share it,
 I could not bear it,
 What could I do ?"

"What would you do, love, when, home returning,
 With hopes high burning,
 With wealth for you,
 If my bark, that bounded o'er foreign foam,
 Should be lost—near home,
 Ah! what would you do?"
 "So *thou* wert apared, I'd bless the morrow,
 In want and sorrow,
 That left me you,
 And I'd welcome thee from the wasting billow,
 Thy heart my pillow!
 That's what I'd do."

SONG, Mr. SANTLEY.

Moore.

(Air—"The Fox's Sleep.")

When he who adores thee has left but the name
 Of his faults and his sorrows behind,
 Oh! say, wilt thou weep when they darken the fame
 Of a life that to thee was resigned?
 Yes, weep! and however my foes may condemn,
 Thy tears shall efface their decree;
 For Heav'n can witness, though guilty to them,
 I have been but too faithful to thee!
 With thee were the dreams of my earliest love;
 Ev'ry thought of my reason was thine;
 In my last humble prayer to the Spirit above,
 Thy name shall be mingled with mine.
 Oh! blest are the lovers and friends who shall live
 The days of thy glory to see;
 But the next nearest blessing that Heaven can give,
 Is the pride of thus dying for thee!

BALLAD, Mr. EDWARD LLOYD. *Moore.*

"THE MEETING OF THE WATERS."

(Air—"The Old Head of Dennis.")

There is not in the wide world a valley so sweet
 As that vale in whose bosom the bright waters meet;
 Oh! the last ray of feeling and life must depart,
 Ere the bloom of that valley shall fade from my heart.
 Yet it was not that nature had shed o'er the scene
 Her purest of crystal, her brightest of green;
 'Twas not the soft magic of streamlet or rill;
 Oh, no! it was something more exquisite still.

'Twas that friends, the beloved of my bosom, were near,
 Who made every dear scene of enchantment more dear,
 And who felt how the best charms of nature improve
 When we see them reflected from looks that we love.

Sweet vale of Avoca, how calm could I rest
 In thy bosom of shade, with the friends I love best;
 When the storms which we feel in this cold world should
 cease,
 And our hearts, like thy waters, be mingled in peace.

SOLO, Pianoforte.

Ronville.

"THE SHAMROCK."

Madame CARLOTTA TASCA.

SONG, Miss ANTOINETTE STERLING. *Molloy.*

"THE CLANG OF THE WOODEN SHOON."

Oh! the clang of the wooden shoon;
 Oh! the dance and the merry tune;
 Happy sound of a bygone day,
 It rings in my heart for aye!
 When the boats came in, with the sailors all a-glew,
 And the moon shone down on the glist'ning tide below.
 Oh! the clang of the wooden shoon, &c.

"Now, my lads, with a merry will,
 Up with hatch, and the baskets fill;
 Winsome lassies above ye stand
 Ready, with eager hand."
 Then the sails came down, and all was taut and clear,
 And a wild glad dance lit up the wooden pier.
 Oh! the rush of the tripping feet;
 Oh! the lightsome hearts that beat,
 Wild and sweet the merry tune,
 And the clang of the wooden shoon.

But they are gone a weary while, ah, me!
 And he, my own, came home no more from sea;
 The sea looks black, the waves have all a moan,
 And I am left to sit and dream alone

Still I see them on the pier,
 All the kindly faces near;
 Hear the wild and merry tune,
 And the clang of the wooden shoon.
 When the boats came in, with the sailors all a-glow,
 And the moon shone down on the rippling tide below.
 Oh! the clang of the wooden shoon, &c.

SONG, Miss GERTRUDE ASHTON. *Lover.*

"BOBY O'MORE."

Or Good Omens.

Young Rory O'More courted Kathleen bawn,
 He was bold as a hawk, and she soft as the dawn,
 He wish'd in his heart pretty Kathleen to please,
 And he thought the best way to do that was to tease;
 "Now, Rory, be aisy," sweet Kathleen would cry,
 Reproof on her lip, but a smile in her eye,
 "With your tricks I don't know, in troth, what I'm about,
 Faith you've teaz'd till I've put on my cloak inside out."
 "Oh! jewel," says Rory, "that same is the way
 You've thrated my heart for this many a day;
 And 'tis plaz'd that I am, and why not to be sure?
 For 'tis all for good luck," says bold Rory O'More.
 "Indeed, then," says Kathleen, "don't think of the like,
 For I half gave a promise to soothing Mike,
 The ground that I walks on he loves, I'll be bound."
 "Faith," says Rory, "I'd rather love you than the ground."
 "Now, Rory, I'll cry if you don't let me go;
 Sure I dream every night that I'm hating you so!"
 "Oh!" says Rory, "that same I'm delighted to hear,
 For dhramas always go by contraries, my dear;
 Oh! jewel, keep dreaming that same till you die,
 And bright morning will give dirty night the black lie;
 And 'tis plaz'd that I am, and why not, to be sure?
 Since 'tis all for good luck," says bold Rory O'More.
 "Arrah, Kathleen, my darlint, you've teaz'd me enough,
 Sure I've thrash'd, for your sake, Dinny Grimes and Jim Duff,
 And I've made myself, drinking your health, quite a baste;
 So I think, after that, I may talk to the priest!"
 Then Rory, the rogue, stole his arm round her neck,
 So soft and so white, without freckle or speck,
 And he looked in her eyes, that were beaming with light,
 And he kissed her sweet lips—don't you think he was right?
 "Now, Rory, leave off, sir—you'll hug me no more,
 That's eight times to-day you've kiss'd me before."
 "Then here goes another," says he, "to make sure,
 For there's luck in odd numbers," says Rory O'More.

SONG, Mr. SANTLEY.

Moore.

(Air—"The Moreen.")

The minstrel boy to the war is gone,
 In the ranks of death you'll find him,
 His father's sword he has girded on,
 And his wild harp slung behind him.
 "Land of song," said the warrior bard,
 "Though all the world betray thee,
 One sword at least their rights shall guard,
 One faithful heart shall praise thee."

The minstrel fell, but the foeman's chain
 Could not bring that proud soul under !
 The harp he loved ne'er spoke again,
 For he tore its cords asunder,
 - And said, " No chains shall sully thee,
 Thou soul of love and bravery ;
 Thy tones were made for the pure and free,
 And shall never sound in slavery."

SONG, Mr. EDWARD LLOYD.

Moore.

Oft in the stilly night,
 Ere slumber's chain has bound me,
 Fond mem'ry brings the light
 Of other days around me ;
 The smiles, the tears of boyhood's years,
 The words of love then spoken,
 The eyes that shone, now dimm'd and gone,
 The cheerful hearts now broken.
 Thus in the stilly night,
 Ere slumber's chain has bound me,
 Sad memory brings the light
 Of other days around me.

OLD IRISH SONG, Miss ANTOINETTE STERLING,

Traditional.

I'll dye my petticoat—I'll dye it red,
And round the world I'll beg my bread,
Until my parents think me dead.

Gathig a thu Mavourneen Slaun.

Shule, shule, shule agra ;
Shule ga'chin agus airi lum,
Shule agin dherries agus airi lum ;
Gathig a thu Mavourneen Slaun.

I wish I was on yonder hill,
And there I'd sit and cry my fill,
Till ev'ry tear would turn a mill.

Gathig a thu, Mavourneen Slaun.

Shule, shule, shule agra, &c.

I'll sell my rock, I'll sell my wheel,
I'll sell my only spinning wheel,
And buy my love a sword of steel.

Gathig a thu, Mavourneen Slaun.

Shule, shule, shule agra, &c.

SONG, Miss EDITH WYNNE.

Lover.

"I LEAVE YOU TO GUESS."

There's a lad that I know, and I know that he
Speaks softly to me, the-cushlamachree!
He's the pride of my heart, and he loves me well,
And who the lad is I'm not going to tell.

He's as straight as a rush, and as bright as the stream
That around it doth gleam—oh, of him how I dream!
I'm as high as his shoulder ; the way that I know
Is he caught me one day, just my measure to show.

He whispered a question one day in my ear ;
When he breath'd it, oh, dear ! how I trembled with fear ;
What the question he ask'd was, I need not confess,
But the answer I gave to the question was "yes."

His eyes they are bright, and they looked so kind,
When I was inclined to speak my mind ;
And his breath is so sweet, oh, the rose's is less,
And how I found it out, why, I leave you to guess.

SONG, Mr. FRANK ELMORE.

Love.

"MOTHER, HE'S GOING AWAY."

SOLO, Pianoforte.

Prosper.

"HIBERNIAN ECHOES."

Madame CARLOTTA TASCA.

SONG, Mrs. SICKLEMORE.

Love.

"MAY DEW."

To gather the dew from the flowers on May morning, before the sun has risen, is reckoned a bond of peculiar power between lovers.

Come with me, love, I'm seeking
 A spell in the young year's flow'rs;
 The magical May dew is weeping
 Its charm o'er the sunny bow'rs.
 Its pearls are more precious than those they find
 In jewell'd India's sea;
 For the dew-drops, love, might serve to bind
 Thy heart for ever to me;
 Oh! come with me, love, &c.

Haste, or the charm will be missing
 We seek in the May dew now;
 For soon the warm sun will be kissing
 The bright drops from blossom and bough.
 And the charm is so tender the May dew sheds
 O'er the wild flower's delicate dyes,
 That e'en at the touch of the sunbeam, 'tis said,
 The mystical influence flies.
 Oh! come with me, love, &c.

SONG, Mr. T. AINSWORTH. *Moore.*

(Air—"Planxty Kelly.")

Fly not yet, 'tis just the hour
 When pleasure, like the midnight flow'r,
 That scorns the eye of vulgar light,
 Begins to bloom for sons of night

And maids who love the moon.
 'Twas but to bless these hours of shade
 That beauty and the moon were made;
 'Tis then their soft affections glowing,
 Set the tides and goblet flowing.

Oh, stay! oh, stay!
 Joy so seldom weaves a chain
 Like this to-night, that, oh! 'tis pain
 To break its links so soon.

Oh, stay! oh, stay!

Fly not yet, the fount that play'd
 In times of old, thro' Ammon's shade,
 Tho' icy cold by day it ran,
 Yet still, like souls of mirth, began
 To burn when night was near;
 And thus should women's hearts and looks
 At noon be cold as winter brooks,
 Nor kindle till the night returning
 Brings their genial hour for burning.

Oh, stay! oh, stay!
 When did morning ever break,
 And find such beaming eyes awake
 As those that sparkle here.

Oh, stay! oh, stay!

SONG, Miss AUGUSTA ROCHE. *Crouch.*

"KATHLEEN, THE PULSE OF MY HEART."

When first, my sweet Kathleen, I met thee
 In the sunny May morn of my youth,
 And vowed I would never forget thee,
 That promise was sacred as truth.
 Years rolled and their memories faded,
 And friends from old feelings depart;
 No tear hath thy young eyelids shaded,
 Sweet Kathleen, the pulse of my heart.

Though fortune hath sometimes been cruel,
 And tempted our griefs to repine ;
 Yet still we had comforts, my jewel,
 Whilst love on our sorrows did shine.
 The tempest that rages without us
 No fears to our joys can impart ;
 While hope and bright looks beam about us,
 Dear Kathleen, the pulse of my heart.

Oh ! were I of thrones the possessor—
 My soft dove, I'd make her my queen ;
 All nations for goodness should bless her,
 And worship her beauty when seen.
 Thou'rt now but my innocent daisy,
 A flower without culture or art,
 With nought but these fond lips to praise thee,
 Dear Kathleen, the pulse of my heart.

SONG, Mr. T. AINSWORTH.

"O, THE SHAMROCK."

NATIONAL IRISH MELODY. *Moore.*

Mrs. SICKLEMORE, Miss AUGUSTA ROCHE,
 Mr. FRANK ELMORE, and Mr. T. AINSWORTH.

"THE YOUNG MAY MOON."

(Air—"The Dandy O.")

END OF THE EVENING CONCERT.

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THE CREATION,

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Miss EMILY MOTT,
^{AND}
Miss PALMER.

Mr. VERNON RIGBY,
Mr. STEDMAN,
^{AND}
Mr. LEWIS THOMAS.

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